Euen in this *thought* through the dark *night* he ſtole
A *captiue victor* that hath *loſt* in *gaine* :
Bearing away the *wound* that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will deſpight of *Cure* remaine,
Leauing his *ſpoile* perplext in greater paine.
She beares the load of *luſt* he left behinde,
And he the *burthen* of a guilty minde.

He like a theeuiſh *dog* creepes ſadly thence,
She like a wearied *Lambe* lies panting there :
He ſcowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,
She deſperate, with her *nailes*, her *flesh* doth teare
He faintly flies, ſwearing with guilty feare ;
She ſtaies exclaiming on the direfull night ;
He runs and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy *conuertite*,
She there remaines a hopeleſſe *caſt-away* :
He in his ſpeed lookes for the morning light :
She prayes ſhe neuer may behold the *day*,
For day, quoth ſhe, night-ſcapes doth open lay :
And my true eies haue neuer practiſed how,
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that every *eye* can ſee,
The ſame *diſgrace* which they themſelues behold
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſſe lie,
To haue their vnſeen ſinne remaine vntold :
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,
And graue, like water that doth eate in ſteele,
Vpon my cheeks what helpleſſe ſhame I feele.

Here ſhe exclaimes againſt *repoſe* and reſt,
And bids her *eyes* hereafter ſtill be blind :
She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *breſt*,
And bids it leape from thence where it may finde
Some purer *cheſt*, to cloſe ſo pure a minde. (ſpig
Frantick with griefe thus breathe ſhe forth hi

The *Patient* dies while the *Phyſitian* ſleepes ;
The *Orphan* pines while the *Oppreſſor* feeds :
Iuſtice is feaſting while the *widow* weepes :
Aduiſe is ſporting while *infection* breeds,
Thou grant'ſt no time for *charitable* deeds,
Wrath, enuy, treaſon, rape, and *murther* rages,
Thy hainous *houres* wait on them as their pages.

When *Truth* and *Vertue* haue to doe with thee,
A thouſand *croſſes* keepe them from thy *aid* ;
They buy thy *helpe*, but *Sinne* nere *giues* a free
He *gratis* comes, and thou art well apaid
As well to *heare*, as *grant* what hee hath ſaid.
My *Colatine* would elſe haue come to me :
VVhen *Tarquin* did, but he was ſtaid by thee.

Guilty thou art of *murther* and of *theft*,
Guilty of *periury* and *ſubordination*,
Guilty of *treaſon, forgery* and *ſhift*,
Guilty of *inceſt* that *abhomination*,
An *acceſſary* by thine inclination
To all *ſinne paſt*, and all that are to *come*,
From the *creation* to the generall *doome*.

Miſhapen *time*, copeſmate of vgly *night*,
Swift ſubtile *poſt*, carrier of griſly *care*,
Eater of *youth*, falſe *ſlaue* to falſe delight,
Baſe *watch* of *woes, ſins packe-horſe*, vertues *ſnare*,
Thou nurſeſt all, and murtherest all that are ;
O heare me then, iniurious ſhifting *time*,
Be guilty of my *death*, ſince of my *crime*.

VVhy hath thy ſeruant *Opportunity*
Betrai'd the *houres* thou gau'ſt me to repoſe ?
Canceld my *fortunes* and inchained me
To endleſſe date of neuer-ending *woes* ?
Times *office* is to fine the hate of *foes*,
To eate vp *gues* by coiuing bred.